

A FORMER SEDALIAN

Kills a Constable in Leadville and is Rescued With Difficulty From a Mob.

Thomas C. Early, who formerly resided here, and who left Sedalia for Leadville, Col., some three years ago, at which latter place he has since resided, shot and killed a constable there on Monday. The dispute in which the constable was killed grew out of a law suit, in which, Early was interested professionally, he being a lawyer. Early was immediately arrested and hurried off to jail, where he was placed under a strong guard in order to protect him from a mob which had gathered, and threatened to lynch the shootist. Public sentiment is strongly against Early, and the friends of the murdered man would surely have resorted to violence if permitted.

Thomas C. Early is well remembered by many Sedalians. He is a nephew of Gen. Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, and came to Sedalia some seven years ago. While here he became a reporter on the Sedalia Democrat, and latterly principal of Franklin school, which position he filled for one term only. While here he married, and finally began the practice of law. He went to Leadville and became secretary of a mining company, and also practiced his profession. He had begun to make money rapidly, and was active in politics.

Effects of Vaccination.

There is something about vaccination that is peculiar. A young man at Pewaukee, who was vaccinated with virus from a vaccine farm where heifers are employed to lay the virus, goes around the barn yard bellowing like a calf, and has been caught trying to eat hay. At Norristown, Pa., a young lady was vaccinated with virus taken from the arm of a young man, and after it worked she never could be near him a moment without wanting that arm of his around her waist or neck. A gentleman at Salt Lake city was vaccinated with virus taken from the arm of a Mormon neighbor, and the gentleman has embraced Mormonism and married three wives, and is looking for more. It beats all how vaccination works. A man in Milwaukee who always paid his debts promptly, was vaccinated from virus obtained from the arm of a friend who was considered a little slow about paying, and now the vaccinated man, though well off, stands off his creditors and acts like a dead beat, compelling collectors to call at least a dozen times before he will pay.—Peck's Sun.

He Wasted His Dollar.

Last night on the street corner the curious astronomer was standing by his instrument waiting for a customer. Presently two miners came along and paused to take a look at "the machine." "What in thunder's that?" asked one of the miners. "It is a telescope," said the student of the stars. "You see Venus for ten cents." "Consider me in," said the miner, and he put up ten cents and turned the tube on a constellation of the fourth ascension. "Don't think much of it," he said, after a look, and then he turned the instrument down until it was focussed on a residence some nine blocks away. Here the miner paused, pressed his eye close to the instrument and became as still as a mouse. "Ain't you too low?" asked the planet sharp. "I allers was low sighted," responded the miner of the pick. "You can't look all night, other customers are waiting."

The miner surveyed the crowd standing about him, and handing the showman a dollar, asked him to tell him when he had used up the money. He lowered his eyes to the telescope once more and was again engrossed in his observations. Suddenly he rose up with a sigh and remarked to his companion: "Billy, she pulled the curtain down. The handsomest woman I ever saw in my life. She let down her hair, took off her collar, and then, just after I gave that coin a dollar, she lowered the curtain and shut the blinds. I think I ought to have about 50 cents change. That old glass tube, though, is about 200 hoss power. It was like being right under the window with a stepladder. I'm going to buy one of those machines the first time I make a raise."

An Old Resident.

A gentleman of this city has in his possession a ten dollar demand note dating back to 1861. Considerable interest attaches to this valuable piece of paper, and one naturally has some curiosity to know in whose possession it must have been along about the time when gold stood at 200, when this note was worth twenty-nine dollars. The note fell under the observation of the reporter on his being asked to change it—which he did, as a matter of course. It probably belonged to some person who did not know its value in times gone by, and who rammed it down into his sock for safe keeping, as it is still new and showing the lines where it was folded.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whiskey beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For dizziness, rush of blood to the head, tending to Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Dropsy, Pimples and Blotches, Scrofulous Humors and Sores, Tetters, Ring Worm, White Swelling, Erysipelas, Sore Eyes and for young men suffering from Weakness or Debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Weakness and Kidney Disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest of blessings.

Mrs. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.
Sold by all druggists everywhere at \$1.00 per bottle.
HENRY & Co., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey street, New York.

MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

Messrs. Faulhaber and Lyons Interviewed on Express Matters.

The late decision in the United States circuit court at St. Louis, in the express company cases, being of considerable interest to patrons of express companies generally, many of whom are unable to gather from a cursory reading of the opinion in the case the precise effect which the decision has with regard to the carrying rates for express matter, a BAZOO reporter called upon Mr. Geo. L. Faulhaber, of the Pacific Express Co., and Mr. Lyons, of the Adams, with a view of ascertaining the facts in respect to the matter.

Mr. Faulhaber said that while the decision of the court, to the effect that the carrying rate which the railroads are to be allowed to charge the express companies could not exceed fifty per cent. over the rate charged for first class freight matter might make some difference to shippers in Texas, where the rate had heretofore been excessively high, it would make no change here, where the rates would remain about the same as formerly. Mr. Faulhaber regarded the decision as a great step forward for the express companies and observed that its effect would be to constitute the express traffic a separate business, entirely free from the control of the railroads, which would be obliged to carry express matter for the companies just as they would for any other shippers, on account of the liability of the railroads to act for express companies as common carriers.

Matter can hereafter be shipped with perfect safety by express, as the decision precludes the railway officials from interfering in any manner with packages in the care of the messenger. So far as charging a higher rate is concerned, the companies can, under the decision, now charge no more than fifty per cent. above the rate for first class freight, which is sixty-five cents per hundred. The most that the railroad could charge would, therefore, be ninety-seven and a half cents, which the express companies can stand without its making any particular difference in the regular express rates.

The information imparted to the reporter by Mr. Lyons, of the Adams, was in effect that given by Mr. Faulhaber. Mr. Lyons was of the opinion that the end of the cases was not yet, and that the fight would be carried to the supreme court of the United States, in the effect to dissolve the injunction, which is perpetual, and which, of course, will stand till the case is reversed.

"Whar You Bin?"

"Ebrahem, come to your mudder, boy. Whar you bin?"
"Playin wid de white folk's chillun."
"You is ch? See hyar, chile, you broke your old mudder's heart and brang her gray hairs to de grave with your recklessness an' carryings on wid ebil asskushuns. Hahnt I raised you up in de way you should ought to go?"
"Yassum."
"Hahnt I been kine an' tander wid you, an' treated you like me own chile—which you is?"
"Yassum."
"Hahnt I reezened wid you, an' deplored de good Lord to wrap you in His buzzum?"
"Yassum."
"An' isn't I yer nateral detector an' garden fo' de law?"
"Yassum."
"Well, den, do you s'pose I see gwysne to hab your morals ruptured by de white trash? No sah! You git in de house dis instep, an' if I eber cotch you 'municatin wid de white trash any mo' fo' de Lord nigger, I'll break your black head wid a brick."
"Yassum."—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Death of a Peculiar Man.

Mr. S. T. Hayden died at his home eight miles south of Vandalia, a few days ago, of pneumonia. Mr. Hayden was an old bachelor, 62 years of age, and had lived in that neighborhood for about 30 years. Thus ended the existence of a man, who, in life, drew around him hosts of friends, and whose peculiarities will add another chapter to the curiosities of nature. Any man who lives like a hermit for a long time, as did Mr. Hayden, is bound to elicit any amount of speculation as to their financial condition, and it has long been a matter of dispute in Mr. Hayden's community as to whether he was possessed of much or little of this world's goods. On the supposition that he had money, a committee of three were appointed to search through his things to see what he did have. They found five pocket books in as many different places, containing bank notes as follows: \$132, \$101, \$67, \$362, \$30. In other places they found \$5 in military one-dollar notes, \$13 in St. Louis city treasury warrants, \$66.50 in gold coin, \$89.70 in silver coin, \$5.75 in Mexican coin, \$4.40 in foreign and American coins, with holes in them, \$3.30 in nickels, \$13.40 in fractional currency, in 5, 10, 25, and 50 cent pieces; 113 cents in copper coin of the Hali Penny bank of Montreal, of 1842; \$231.25 in good notes, and a number of 5 and 10 dollar bills of confederate money. The money was found in every place imaginable. Some of it was sewn up between the linings of old clothes. But he has gone to his long home and left behind a peculiar history, the half of which may never be known.—Vandalia Leader.

Skin Diseases Cured.

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic, Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches and Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Barber's Itch, Scald Rheum, Tetters, Ringworm, Scald Head, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, old, obstinate Ulcers and Sores, etc.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. Drake, esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured, by a few applications.

The first and only positive cure for skin diseases ever discovered.

Sent by mail on receipt of fifty cents.

HENRY & Co., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey street, New York.
For Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN PILE OINTMENT is a sure cure. Price by mail \$1.00. For sale by druggists.

MASHED!

How the Old Man Frustrated an Elopement.

Erasmus T. Ruggleson, a young man of Saxon lineage, wrought on a farm out here in Yellow Spring township. He was not rich, but he was industrious and just too pretty for anything. So was the daughter of the farmer for whom he wrought. She was wealthier than Erasmus, but she was not proud. When the chores were done in the winter evenings, she went with him to the singing school, and she walked by his side to church. She loved him; she has rather sit at her easement in the gloaming and hear him holler "poor-me-ey" in long-drawn, mellow cadences, at the hour of the feeding of the swine, than hear Campanini sing "Maccaroni de Vernicelli" from "Handorgzhamni in Venezuela." And he—she was clean gone on her. Mashed past all surgery. When they foolishly let the old man into their plan for each other's happiness and half the farm, the wrathful agriculturist said if he heard one more word of such nonsense, just another word, he would lay that farm waste with physical havoc, and blight its winter wheat with the salt tears of his only child, and that was the kind of a father-in-law he was inclined to be.

Naturally the young people determined to fly. Their plans were laid, the night was set. So was the ladder. At its foot waited the ardent Erasmus Ruggleson gazing at the window for the appearance of his love. Presently the window opened softly, and a face he loved appeared.

"Hassum!"
"Florence!"
"Yes, dearest. Shall I drop my things right down?"
"Yes, love, I will catch them. Let the bundle fall."

The glittering starlight of the clear March night fell on Erasmus' glad and upturned face. So did a trunk, four feet wide, and about eight feet long. It weighed about 2,700 pounds. It contained a few "things" that no woman could be expected to travel without, and Florence had spent three weeks packing that trunk for her elopement.

Erasmus Ruggleson did not scream. He did not moan. He couldn't. He had no show. Florence came down the ladder. He was busily engaged in looking at the trunk of that tree, and thinking how in creation he would yell if ever he got his mouth out doors again.

Florence reached the foot of the ladder. "Did you get my trunk, Erasmus?" she said, looking around for him.

"Oh, yes," said a hoarse, mocking voice at her elbow. "Oh, yes, he got it. Got it bad, too."

She turned, knew her papa, shrieked once, twice, again, and once more for the boys and fainted away.
"I never worried about it a minute," the heartless old man told his neighbors the next day, "though I knowed well enough what was goin' on all the time. I've been married twice, an' I've married off four daughters and two sons, an' if I don't know what baggage a woman carries, when she travels by this time, I'm too old to learn."

And Erasmus Ruggleson! The jury brought in a verdict that he came to his death by habitual drunkenness, and the temperance papers didn't talk about anything else for the next six weeks.

—A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Sage Advice to a Michigan Windmill Man.

Detroit Free Press.
A Michigan man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of that state. Reaching a town in the central part of the state, he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.

"Well it can be done, I guess," was the reply.
"But how had I best proceed?"
"Well you kin put her up over on the hill thar. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd I guess no one will object."

"Very well."
"Next Tuesday is market day, and there'll be heaps of folks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd."

"Set the thing going and ask the men over to have something."
"Just so."
"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanations, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes, and then treat the crowd."

"Yes."
"If you have to talk any more with 'em there's another drink ahead."

"I see."
"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys there'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eyes peeled, and if you see any signs of a row ask the whole crowd out to drink."

"Yes, but—"
"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the bars a minute. Keep your eye on the canines. If you see a yaller pup begin to bristle up ask the crowd to step over and moisten."

"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you, and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the windmill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd my friend. Did you ask me out to take something?"

—SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. For sale by all druggists.

—The Lebanon Rustic Leader has resumed publication after several weeks' suspension because of small pox in the editor's family. It is a paper that none of its exchanges would willingly be without.

—FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitilizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by all druggists.

NO BENEDICTION SAID.

The Methodist Church at Lamonte Caught Fire, Yesterday, During the Morning Service.

Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy went to Lamonte Saturday to preach there yesterday. But the morning service was suddenly brought to a close and the large congregation rushed out of the church in a hurry.

Dr. Lacy returned home this morning and to a BAZOO reporter gave the following statement of facts about the fire:

There was present a very large audience and the doctor was about half through with his sermon, when he and the congregation were startled by a man poking his head in the window and shouting "Fire!" At once the doctor bade the people to be quiet and to get out of the building in an orderly manner, so as to prevent any confusion.

The fire was discovered to be eating up the roof and was the result of a bad fire. A bucket brigade was soon at work and the fire was put out before it had done much damage—probably not more than fifty dollars. Some of the pews and the lamps were taken out, but this was not necessary.

Doctor Lacy announced that he would preach last night in the Baptist church, which he did, to a large audience. There was no insurance on the church, but it will be repaired at once.

Physician's Testimony.

ST. JOHN, N. B., January, 1868.
MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Manufacturing Chemist:

Sir:—Fellows Hypophosphites being an excellent nervous tonic, it exerts a direct influence on the nervous system; and, through it, it invigorates the body.

It affords me much pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended, when so many advertised are worse than useless.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Z. S. EARLE, Junr., M. D.

Duly Appreciated.

The new high-speed engine, invented by Frank C. McNally, and of which a beautiful model may be seen at the city engine house, has met with proper appreciation in an unexpected quarter. The agent of the Brush Electric Light company saw the model sent on to Washington and placed in the patent office, and has written to Mr. McNally, inquiring whether he would prefer to sell the patent right or accept a royalty for the manufacture of the engine. McNally's invention is capable of making fifteen hundred revolutions a minute with the same amount of steam required to move other engines at the rate of four hundred, and is just the thing required by the electric light company, who require rapid friction in order to produce electricity.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer.

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy), called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrics do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinbury of Cleveland says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment.

For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.00.
HENRY & Co., Prop'rs,
62 Vesey street New York.

Cooking in the Waiting Room.

A family of German emigrants came in on the Pacific from the east Saturday evening, on their way to Texas. While they were worrying about their innumerable bags, boxes and baskets, one or two of which latter were filled with an assortment of babies of different ages, the train pulled out and left them, greatly to their consternation. They spent the night in the waiting room, the whole family, which numbered ten or twelve, indulging in a bath, much to the delation of the crowds who gathered at the windows. Yesterday morning they prepared their breakfast in the waiting room and a few minutes after 8 o'clock left for the Lone Star state.

Mrs. Senator Logan.

Now and then, says a Washington correspondent, a woman looms up above the indiscriminate mass with such a genius for politics, such reticence of the secrets confided to her husband, and such consummate tact in managing men, that the husband looks toward her as a most valued counselor, and courts and prizes her Portia like judgment. Such a one, as you know, is Mrs. Logan, wife of the Illinois senator, who combines great delicacy toward his affairs, with the most thorough knowledge of them. I will recall for you, in another senator's words, what the latter told me at a recent dinner party, as illustrating Mrs. Logan's graceful tact. "When we boarded together, I used to often be in Logan's parlor, and it was a study to me to see his wife's influence over him. For instance, in opening his mail, he would now and then come upon a letter that would make him swearing angry. Then Mrs. Logan would come up and reach gently out for the offending letter, and say: 'Here, darling'—she always calls him darling—'Here, darling, give me that letter to answer. I'll see to it,' and the general, with instant restored good nature, would hand it to her as eagerly as if it were a baby with the colic, when it much relieved him to get rid of it."

—Fresh blue grass seed for sale.

A. Y. HOUTSON,
Houstonia, Mo.
11-29wtf.

Seed Corn.

One ear load St. Charles white corn, just from St. Charles county, Mo., at D. Blocher's.
3-19s1&w3t

LONGFELLOW.

The Lesson of the Dead Poet's Life as Illustrated by Mr. Van Wagner Last Night.

The Congregational church was crowded last night with the usual large audience which throngs this tabernacle every Sunday evening. Although Mr. Van Wagner had announced that the deferred sermon which was postponed last Sunday a week would be given last night, the audience was in no wise disappointed with the timely remarks on the dead poet who so lately passed away, which fell from the reverend gentleman's lips. Mr. Van Wagner spoke, in substance, as follows:

On Friday afternoon died the greatest of American poets. I hope there is no one here who has not read his beautiful poems, and been made happier and better by their perusal. No one can be really cultured who has not. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was not only known and read wherever the English language is spoken, but his fame had extended to all countries, and his great poems had been translated into many foreign languages. His beautiful songs have made mankind better, made the whole world happier. And the world is the loser by his death. I shall not enter into a biographical sketch of Longfellow to-night, for I presume that there is no person present who is not familiar with his career. His work was done; his life was finished. He himself said he would write no more after he was seventy years old. And he never did write but one poem afterwards. We are not called upon to say, as we are with regard to so many poets, "Oh, what beautiful poems were wrapped up in him, but which he never wrote!" He had no more poems to compose, because his work was done, his work was finished. In ten thousand households to-night, in ten thousand pulpits, his praises are being sounded.

Let us gather, as it were, around the new-made grave in Mt. Auburn, to-night, and learn the lessons which the life and career of Longfellow teach. And first let us gather the lesson of the value of a good name.

When we think of Emerson, we remember the purity and simplicity of his life, and these qualities lend to his greatness and our appreciation of him. But how different when we think of Poe! No matter how great the genius of the poet, his fame is detracted from, he is rendered less admirable, his power for the accomplishment of good is lessened, by the want of a good name. We think of Longfellow and remember how good and pure was his life, and how he lived and wrote. We admire Byron, we admire Burns, but ah, think of their lives. The flaw, the weakness, is there and we cannot, with all their genius, all their powers, forget that they lacked in that goodness which ever goes with greatness and with honest fame. There is nothing of such value as a good name. Without it, all fame, all genius, is worthless. One of the greatest orators in the world has said that there was just one thing that he wanted to live for, and that was to leave a good name to his children. That was the only thing he lived for. And that is what every man and woman who have children ought to remember, and so live that when they die their children may be able to start in life with a good name.

It is the best capital that they can have. We should also learn from the career of Longfellow that that life only is a success which accomplishes something for the good of humanity. Think what the great poet, whose songs have been read in every clime, has done for man! The world has been happier because Longfellow has lived. His beautiful poems have been read and their lessons learned in thousands of households. Oh, that the day may come when there shall be books in every house in this land! and when every man, no matter how humble he be, may have the newspaper, if he will, or some musical instrument, to make his home more glad and pleasant.

We should also learn from the life of Longfellow to extract all we can from this life—to make the most of this life while we can. We should endeavor not only to be happy ourselves, but to make others happy. And every man should endeavor to surround himself with pleasures and contentment. If he can honorably do so, he should try to accumulate and to save, and to enjoy this brief existence in the best manner he can. While I do not believe that man should give himself up to the endeavor to accumulate money alone, I think that he should acquire property, if he can, for his own enjoyment and the happiness of his family. Get all the good out of life that you can.

We also see in the life of the singer who is gone what the inspiration and help of faithful wives will do. When Longfellow was young, he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whom he married. Beautiful children gathered around their hearthstone. And he worshiped and idolized her. Finally her clothes caught fire one day, and she was burned so severely that she died. He buried her, and it almost broke his great heart—almost brought his brilliant career to a close. But ever afterwards she was his inspiration. He always imagined that she was near him, suggesting his finest thoughts and ever urging him on. Woman should learn from this that her sphere in life is not so much restricted as she imagines it is. Every woman can do much towards spurring man on to the accomplishment of the successes of this life.

In the life of the dead poet we also see the ennobling influence and power of Christianity. Longfellow was always a Christian and his poems breathe the inspiration and imagery of Christianity. We should also contrast his life with that of the great infidels. We should also learn to live such lives that when we die and pass away we shall still be remembered after we are gone.

Important to Know?

That in all throat, chest and lung troubles—colds, whooping-coughs, asthma, consumption, etc.—even a single dose of Dr. Acker's English Remedy will relieve the worst symptoms of distress; it is pleasant to take, may be given to the youngest child and guarantees cure in every case. Trial bottles only 10 cents. Regular sizes 50 cts. and \$1. For sale by Bard & Miller.

Important to Know?

—THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." For sale by all druggists.

Important to Know?

—\$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. 11-1wly

[Continued from Third Page]

Presbyterian societies were read; that from Kansas, read by Mrs. Osmond, being especially encouraging. She stated that there were fifty-nine societies in her state and that only one minister had been found who did not heartily encourage these organizations. Statistically given, Hyland Presbytery gave, for the fiscal year just ended, \$58,322.

Emporia Presbytery.....\$116 30
Larned Presbytery.....115 00
Solomon Presbytery.....371 17
Neosho Presbytery.....118 80
Topeka Presbytery.....336 31

These reports were of such a character as to prove that the missionary interest is on the increase and that the past year has been the most prosperous in the history of the society.

The "Chinese in America," was discussed by Mrs. E. E. Webster. Of course the lady was opposed to the late anti-Chinese bill. Her handling of the question showed much familiarity with it.

The discussion of the question, "How to Increase Interest in Missionary Meetings," was led by Mrs. J. Walker, and followed by several. The discussion was of the ways and means, the object a determination to create this interest.

Splendid reports from the Synodical and "Personal Service," by Miss Bruner, was treated in that entertaining and logical manner which characterizes that lady's address of Welcome.

The "Missionary Hour" was postponed until the afternoon session when Mrs. Wallace took charge of the hour. She told of the importance of every Christian to do his and her part toward sending or carrying the gospel to the heathen. Her words and spirit were infectious and the hour was a season of climbing up spiritual heights.

Another elegant lunch was served at the noon hour.

On re-assembling this afternoon, Mrs. Williamson led the usual devotions, the subject being, "More Labor."

"The Gospel a Trust," was the subject of a most faith-inspiring paper by Mrs. Erwin.

"The Question, Drawer," conducted by Mrs. Osmond, evinced a wide range of thought and interest in the work, both of home and foreign missions. The lady was very happy in her answers and on many questions light was thrown.

Miss Morgan, of Park college, read a sparkling paper on the topic, "They Shall Shine."

A discussion on "How to replenish the Treasury," was, perhaps, one of the best discussions of the session. Of course this is the one object of this Board, as they are organized only for the purpose of sending money and supplies to missionaries, who depend on these contributions for a living. While prayer and faith are vital elements in this work, money is the great sustaining and motive power. But when a Christian woman sets out to raise means whereby the gospel may be promulgated, she knows no such thing as failure.

The reports of committees, of the treasurer and election of officers took place, too late for this afternoon's issue.

The parting hour came at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and the devoted women bade each other "good-bye" for another year. They have had a good time, left pleasant recollections, and are speeded in their work by a hearty "God bless you."

Cardinal Points to Remember?

That Acker's Blood Elixir is a specific remedy for neuralgia, rheumatism, malarious and other fevers, scrofulous tendencies and all forms of blood poisoning. It purifies the system, rouses and develops the nervous energies, enriches the blood, promotes appetite, dispels languor, and restores the body to robust health. Sold by Bard & Miller.

A Showman Apparently Died Twice at Decatur, Ill.

A dispatch from Decatur, Ill., says: Chas. Athens, a man well known to showmen, who has been suffering from hardening of the brain and has suffered five paralytic strokes, had another stroke Wednesday evening, the 15th inst. To all appearances he died, and his friends laid him out for burial. An undertaker was summoned and a suit of clothes was procured for the dead man. The family sat up and went into the room in which the corpse lay several times during the night and found the body each time apparently lifeless. On going into the room again at 2 o'clock the next morning, a member of the family found Athens with his eyes wide open and breathing as naturally as ever. The next day, Mr. Athens who was 33 years old and weighed over 200, was feeling like a new man and got up as usual. He had no recollection of dying and no knowledge of what was done while he was unconscious. He continued to feel all right until Sunday night, when he died suddenly. Although the remains are still held to await a possible resuscitation, no signs of life have yet appeared.

A New Era.

The true secret of happiness is perfect health, which enables the individual to enjoy